Bad world, where riches is esteemd aboue them both,
In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull.
A Millers daughter, sayes the multitude,
Should not be loued of a Gentleman.
But let them breath their soules into the ayre:
Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe,
So thou be constant in thy plighted vowe.
But here comes one, I will listen to his talke.

Enter Valingford at another dore, disguised Man hidi selfe.

Valingford. Goe *William Conqueror* and seeke thy loue.
Seeke thou a mynion in a forren land
Whilest I drawe back and court my loue at home,
The millers daughter of faire Manchester
Hath bound my feete to this delightsome soyle:
And from her eyes do dart such golden beames,
That holdes my harte in her subiection.

Manuile. He ruminates on my beloued choyce:
God graunt he come not to preuent my hope.
But heres another, him yle listen to.

Enter Mountney disguised at another dore.

L. Mountney. Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy arte,
To grace a pesant with a Princes fame:
Pesant am I so to misterme my loue
Although a millers daughter by her birth:
Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice
To hyde the blemish of her birth in hell,
Where neither enuious eyes nor thought can perce,
But endlesse darknesse euer smother it.
Goe *William Conqueror* and seeke thy loue,
Whilest I drawe back and court mine owne the while:
Decking her bodie with such costly robes
As may become her beauties worthynes,
That so thy labors may be laughed to scorne,
And she thou seekest in forraine regions,
Be darkened and eclipst when she arriues,
By one that I haue chosen neerer home.

A Pleasant Commodie,

of faire Emelie Millers daughter
of Manchester: With the loue of
William the Conqueror:

As it was sundrie times publiquely acted in the
honourable citie of London, by the right honourable
the Lord Strange his seruaunts.

Imprinted at London for T.N. and I.VV.
and are to be solde in S. Dunstones Church-
yarde in Fleete-streete.

A Pleasant Commodie of faire Em the Millers daughter of Manchester.

With the loue of William the Conquerour.

Actus Primus Scæna prima.

Enter William the Conqueror: Marquet Lubeck, with a picture: Mountney: Manuile: Valingford: and Duke Dirot.

Marques. WHat meanes faire Britaines mighty Conqueror
So suddenly to cast away his staffe?
And all in passion, to forsake the tylt.

D. Dirot. My Lord, this triumph we solemnise here,
Is of meere loue to your increasing ioyes:
Only expecting cheerefull lookes for all.
What sudden pangs than moues your maiestie,
To dimme the brightnes of the day with frownes?

W. Conqueror. Ah: good my Lords, misconster not the cause:
At least, suspect not my displeased browes
I amorously do beare to your intent:
For thanks and all that you can wish I yeeld.
But that which makes me blush and shame to tell,
Is cause why thus I turne my conquering eyes
To cowardes lookes and beaten fantasies.

Mountney. Since wee are giltlesse, wee the lesse dismay
To see this sudden change possesse your cheere:
For if it issue from your owne conceits,
Bred by suggestion of some enuious thoughts:
Your highnes wisdome may suppresse it straight.
Yet tell vs (good my Lord) what thought it is,
That thus bereaues you of your late content,
That in aduise we may assist your grace,
Or bend our forces to reuiue your spirits.

W Con. Ah *Marques Lubeck*, in thy power it lyes
To rid my bosome of these thraled dumps:
And therefore, good my Lords forbeare awhile,
That we may parley of these priuate cares,

Whose strength subdues me more than all the world.
Valingford. We goe and wishe thee priuate conference,
Publicke affectes in this accustomed peace.
Exit all but William and the Marques.
William. Now *Marques* must a Conquerer at armes
disclose himselfe thrald to vnarmed thoughts,
And threatned of a shaddowe, yeeld to lust:
No sooner had my sparkeling eyes beheld
The flames of beautie blasing on this peece,
But sodenly a sence of myracle
Imagined on thy louely Maistres face,
Made me abandon bodily regarde,
And cast all pleasures on my woonded soule:
Then gentle *Marques* tell me what she is,
That thus thou honourest on thy warlike shield.
And if thy loue and interest be such,
As iustly may giue place to myne,
That if it be: my soule with honors wings
May fly into the bosome of my deere.
Yf not, close them and stoope into my graue.
Marques Yf this be all renowned Conquerer:
Aduance your drooping spirites, and reuiue
The wonted courage of your Conquering minde,
For this faire picture painted on my shield
Is the true counterfeit of louely *Blaunch*
Princes and daughter to the King of *Danes*:
Whose beautie and excesse of ornamentes
Deserues another manner of defence
Pompe and high person to attend her state,
Then *Marques Lubeck* any way presents.
Therefore her vertues I resigne to thee,
Alreadie shrinde in thy religious brest,
To be aduaunced and honoured to the full.
Nor beare I this an argument of loue:
But to renowne faire *Blaunch* my Soueraignes child,
In euerie place where I by armes may do it.

William

William. Ah *Marques*, thy wordes bring heauen vnto my ſoule,
And had I heauen to giue for thy reward:
Thou ſhouldſt be thronde in no vnworthie place.
But let my vttermoſt wealth ſuffice thy worth,
Which here I vowe, and to aſpire the bliſſe
That hangs on quicke atchiuement of my loue,
Thy ſelfe and I will trauaile in diſguiſe,
To bring this Ladie to our Brittaine Court.

Marques. Let *VVilliam* but bethinke what may auayle,
And let me die if I denie my ayde.

VVilliam. Then thus the Duke *Dirot* and Therle *Dimach*
Will I leaue ſubſtitutes to rule my Realme,
While mightie loue forbids my being here,
And in the name of Sir *Robert* of *VVinaſor*
Will goe with thee vnto the Daniſh Court.
Keepe *VVilliams* ſecretes *Marques* if thou loue him.
Bright *Blaunch* I come, ſweete fortune fauour me,
And I will laud thy name eternally.

Exeunt.

Enter the Miller, and Em his daughter.

Miller. Come daughter we muſt learne to ſhake of pomp,
To leaue the ſtate that earſt beſeemd a Knight,
And gentleman of no meane diſcent,
To vndertake this homelie millers trade:
Thus muſt we maske to ſaue our wretched liues,
Threatned by Conqueſt of this hapleſſe Yle:
Whoſe ſad inuaſions by the Conqueror,
Haue made a number ſuch as we ſubiect
Their gentle neckes vnto their ſtubborne yoke,
Of drudging labour and baſe peſantrie.
Sir Thomas *Godard* now old *Goddard* is
Goddard the miller of faire Mancheſter.
Why ſhould not I content me with this ſtate?
As good Sir Edmund *Trefferd* did the ſtile.
And thou ſweete *Em* muſt ſtoope to high eſtate,
To ioyne with mine that thus we may protect

Our harmeles liues, which ledd in greater port
Would be an enuious obiect to our foes,
That seeke to roote all Britaines Gentrie
From bearing countenance against their tyrannie.
Em. Good Father let my full resolued thoughts,
With setled patiens to support this chaunce
Be some poore comfort to your aged soule:
For therein restes the height of my estate,
That you are pleased with this deiection,
And that all toyles my hands may vndertake,
May serue to worke your worthines content.
Miller. Thankes my deere Daughter: these thy plesant words
Transferre my soule into a second heauen:
And in thy setled minde, my ioyes consist,
My state reuyued and I in former plight.
Although our outward pomp be thus abased,
And thralde to drudging, stayelesse of the world,
Let vs retaine those honorable mindes
That lately gouerned our superior state.
Wherein true gentrie is the only meane
That makes vs differ from base millers borne:
Though we expect no knightly delicates,
Nor thirst in soule for former soueraintie.
Yet may our myndes as highly scorne to stoope
To base desires of vulgars worldlynes,
As if we were in our presedent way.
And louely daughter, since thy youthfull yeares
Must needes admit as yong affections:
And that sweete loue vnpartiall perceiues
Her daintie subiects through euery part,
In chiefe receiue these lessons from my lippes.
The true discouerers of a Virgins due
Now requisite, now that I know thy mynde
Something enclynde to fauour *Manuils* sute,
A gentleman, thy Louer in protest:
And that thou maist not be by loue deceiued,

But trye his meaning fit for thy desert,
In pursuite of all amorous desires,
Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighes
Nor earnest vowes importing feruent loue,
Render thee subiect to the wrath of lust:
For that transformed to former sweete delight,
Will bring thy bodie and thy soule to shame.
Chaste thoughts and modest conuersations,
Of proofe to keepe out all inchaunting vowes,
Vaine sighes, forst teares, and pittifull aspectes,
Are they that make deformed Ladies faire,
Poore wretch, and such intycing men,
That seeke of all but onely present grace,
Shall in perseuerance of a Virgins due
Prefer the most refusers to the choyce
Of such a soule as yeelded what they thought.
But hoe; where is *Trotter?*

Here enters Trotter the Millers man to them: And they within call to him for their gryste.

Trotter. Wheres Trotter? why Trotter is here.
yfaith, you and your daughter go vp and downe weeping,
And wamenting and keeping of a wamentation,
As who should saye, the Mill would go with your wamenting.

Miller. How now Trotter? why complainest thou so.

Trotter. Why yonder is a company of yong men and mr ydes
Keepe such a styr for their grist, that they would haue it before
my stones be readie to grinde it. But yfaith, I would I coulde
breake winde enough backward: you should not tarrie for your
gryst I warrant you.

Miller. Content thee Trotter, I will go pacifie them.

Trotter. Iwis you will when I cannot. Why looke,
You haue a Mill. Why, whats your Mill without mee?
Or rather Mistres, what were I without you?

Em. Nay Trotter, if you fall a chyding, I wil giue you ouer.

Trotter. I chyde you dame to amend you.
You are too fyne to be a Millers daughter:

Here he Em abo necke.

For

For if you should but stoope to take vp the tole dish
You will haue the crampe in your finger
At least ten weekes after.
Miller. Ah well said *Trotter*, teach her to plaie the good huswife
And thou shalt haue her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good will.
Trotter. Ah words wherein I see Matrimonie come loaden
With kisses to salute me: Now let me alone, to pick the Mill,
To fill the hopper, to take the tole, to mend the sayles,
Yea, and to make the mill to goe with the verie force of my loue.

Here they must call for their gryst within.

Trotter. I come I come, yfaith now you shall haue your gryst
Or else *Trotter* will trot and amble himselfe to death.
They call him againe. *Exit.*

Enter king of Denmarke, with some attendants, Blanch his daughter, Mariana, Marques Lubeck, VVilliam disguised.

King of Denmarke. Lord Marques *Lubecke* welcome home,
Welcome braue Knight vnto the *Denmarke* King:
For Williams sake the noble *Norman* Duke,
So famous for his fortunes and successe,
That graceth him with name of Conqueror:
Right double welcome must thou be to vs.
Rob. VVindsor. And to my Lord the king shall I recount
Your graces courteous entertainment,
That for his sake vouchsafe to honor me
A simple Knight attendant on his grace.
King Den. But saie Sir Knight, what may I call your name.
Robert VVindsor. *Robert Windsor* and like your Maiestie.
King Den. I tell thee *Robert*, I so admire the man,
As that I count it haynous guilt in him
That honors not Duke *William* with his heart.
Blanch, bid this straunger welcome, good my gyrle.
Blanch. Sir, should I neglect your highnes charge herein,
It might be thought of base discourtesie.
Welcome Sir Knight to *Denmarke* hartelie.

Robert.

Ro. Windſ. Thanks gentle Ladie. Lord *Marques*, what is ſhee?
Lubeck. That ſame is *Blanch* daughter to the King,
The ſubſtance of the ſhadow that you ſaw.
Rob. windſor. May this be ſhee, for whome I croſt the Seas?
I am aſhamde to think I was ſo fond,
In whom thers nothing that contents my mynd.
Ill head, worſe featurde, vncomly, nothing courtly.
Swart and ill fauoured, a Colliers ſanguin ſkinne.
I neuer ſawe a harder fauourd ſlut.
Loue her? for what: I can no whit abide her.
King of Denmark. *Mariana*, I haue this day receiued letters
From *Swethia*, that lets me vnderſtand,
your raunſome is collecting there with ſpeede,
And ſhortly ſhalbe hither ſent to vs.
Mariana. Not that I finde occaſion of miſlike
My entertainment in your graces court,
But that I long to ſee my natiue home.
king Den. And reaſon haue you Madam for the ſame:
Lord *Marques* I commit vnto your charge
The entertainement of Sir *Robert* here,
Let him remaine with you within the Court
In ſolace and diſport, to ſpend the time.

Exit king of Denmarke.

Robert Wind. I thank your hightnes, whoſe bounden I remaine.

Blanch ſpeaketh this ſecretly at one end of the ſtage.

Vnhappie *Blanch*, what ſtrange effects are theſe
That workes within my thoughts confuſedly,
That ſtill me thinks affection drawes me on
To take, to like, nay more, to loue this Knight.
Robert. Wind. A modeſt countenance, no heauie ſullen looke,
Not verie fayer, but ritchly deckt with fauour:
A ſweete face, an exceding daintie hand,
A bodie were it framed of wax
By all the cunning artiſts of the world
It could not better be proportioned.
Lubeck. How now Sir *Robert*? in a ſtudie man?

Here is no tyme for contemplation.
Robert Windſor. My Lord, there is a certaine odd conceite,
Which on the ſudden greatly troubles me.
Lubeck. How like you *Blaunch*? I partly do perceiue
The little boy hath played the wagg with you.
Sir Robert. The more I looke, the more I loue to looke,
Who ſeyes that *Mariana* is not faire:
Ile gage my gauntlet gainſt the enuious man,
That dares auowe there liueth her compare.
Lubeck. Sir *Robert*, you miſtake your counterfeit.
This is the Ladie which you came to ſee.
Sir Robert. yea, my Lord: Shee is counterfait in deede:
For there is the ſubſtance that beſt contents me.
Lubek. That is my loue. Sir *Robert* you do wrong me.
Robert. The better for you ſir, ſhe is your Loue,
As for the wrong, I ſee not how it growes.
Lubeck. In ſeeking that which is an others right.
Robert. As who ſhould ſaie your loue were priuileged
That none might looke vpon her but your ſelfe.
Lubeck. Theſe iarres becomes not our familiaritie,
Nor will I ſtand on termes to moue your patience.
Robert. Why my Lord, am not I of fleſh and bloud as well as you?
Then giue me leaue to loue as well as you.
Lubeck. To Loue Sir *Robert*? but whome? not ſhe I Loue?
Nor ſtands it with the honor of my ſtate,
To brooke corriuals with me in my loue.
Robert. So Sir, we are thorough for that L.
Ladies farewell. Lord *Marques*, will you go?
I will finde a time to ſpeake with her I trowe?
Lubeck. With all my heart. Come Ladies wil you walk? *Exit.*

Enter Manuile alone diſguiſed.

Manuile. Ah *Em* the ſubiect of my reſtleſſe thoughts,
The Anuyle whereupon my heart doth beate,
Framing thy ſtate to thy deſert,
Full yll this life becomes thy heauenly looke,
Wherein, ſweete loue and vertue ſits enthroned.

Bad

Bad world, where riches is esteemd aboue them both,
In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull.
A Millers daughter, sayes the multitude,
Should not be loued of a Gentleman.
But let them breath their soules into the ayre:
Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe,
So thou be constant in thy plighted vowe.
But here comes one, I will listen to his talke.

Enter Valingford at another dore, disguised Man
hidi
selfe.

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Seeke thou a mynion in a forren land
Whilest I drawe back and court my loue at home,
The millers daughter of faire Manchester
Hath bound my feete to this delightsome soyle:
And from her eyes do dart such golden beames,
That holdes my harte in her subiection.

Manuile. He ruminates on my beloued choyce:
God graunt he come not to preuent my hope.
But heres another, him yle listen to.

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L. Mountney. Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy arte,
To grace a pesant with a Princes fame:
Pesant am I so to misterme my loue
Although a millers daughter by her birth:
Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice
To hyde the blemish of her birth in hell,
Where neither enuious eyes nor thought can perce,
But endlesse darknesse euer smother it.
Goe *William Conqueror* and seeke thy loue,
Whilest I drawe back and court mine owne the while:
Decking her bodie with such costly robes
As may become her beauties worthynes,
That so thy labors may be laughed to scorne,
And she thou seekest in forraine regions,
Be darkened and eclipst when she arriues,
By one that I haue chosen neerer home.

Manuile. What comes he to, to intercept my loue?
Then hye thee *Manuile* to foreſtall ſuch foes. *Exit Manuile*
Mountney. What now Lord *Valingford* are you behind?
The king had choſen you to goe with him.
Valingford. So choſe he you, therefore I marueile much
That both of vs ſhould linger in this ſort.
What may the king imagine of our ſtaye?
Mountney. The king may iuſtly think we are to blame:
But I immagined I might well be ſpared
And that no other man had borne my mind.
Valingford. The like did I: in frendſhip then reſolue
What is the cauſe of your vnlookt for ſtay?
Mountney. Lord *Valingford* I tell thee as a friend,
Loue is the cauſe why I haue ſtayed behind.
Valinford. Loue my Lord? of whome.
Mountney. *Em* the millers daughter of Mancheſter,
Valingford. But may this be?
Mountney. Why not my Lord? I hope full well you know
That loue reſpectes no difference of ſtate
So beautie ſerue to ſtirr affection.
Valingford. But this it is that makes me wonder moſt:
That you and I ſhould be of one conſeite
In ſuch a ſtraunge vnlikly paſsion.
Mountney. But is that true? my Lord: I hope you do but ieſt.
Valingford. I would I did: then were my griefe the leſſe,
Mountney. Nay neuer grieue: for if the cauſe be ſuch
To ioyne our thoughts in ſuch a Simpathy:
All enuie ſet aſyde: let vs agree
To yeeld to eythers fortune in this choyce.
Valingford. Content ſay I, and what ſo ere befall,
Shake hands my Lord and fortune thriue at all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Em and Trotter the Millers man with a kerchife on his head, and an Vrinall in his hand.

Em. *Trotter* where haue you beene?
Trotter. Where haue I bene? why what ſignifies this.
Em. A kerchiefe, doth it not?

Trotter.

Trotter. What call you this I praye?

Em. I saie it is an Vrinall.

Trotter. Then this is mystically to giue you to vnderstand
I haue beene at the Phismicaries house.

Em. How long hast thou beene sicke?

Trotter. Yfaith, euen as long as I haue not beene halfe well,
And that hath beene a long time.

Em. A loytering time I rather immagine.

Trot. It may be so: but the Phismicary tels me that you can help me

Em. Why, any thing I can do for recouerie of thy health,
Be right well assured of.

Trot. Then giue me your hand

Em. To what end.

Trot. That the ending of an old indenture
Is the beginning of a new bargaine.

Em. What bargaine?

Trot. That you promised to do any thing to recouer my helth.

Em. On that condition I giue thee my hand.

Trot. Ah sweete *Em*, *Here he offers to kisse her.*

Em. How now *Trotter?* your maisters daughter?

Trot. Yfaith I aime at the faireſt,
Ah *Em*, sweet *Em*: fresh as the flowre:
That hath poure to wound my harte,
And ease my smart, of me poore theefe,
In prison bounde.

Em. So all your ryme lies on the grounde.
But what meanes this?

Trot. Ah marke the deuise,
For thee my loue full sicke I was, in hazard of my life
Thy promise was to make me whole, and for to be my wife.
Let me inioye my loue my deere,
And thou possesse thy *Trotter* here.

Em. But I meant no such matter.

Trot. Yes woos but you did, Ile goe to our Parson Sir Iohn
And he shall mumble vp the marriage out of hand.

Em. But here comes one that will forbid the Banes.

Here Enters Manuile to them.

Trotter. Ah Sir you come too late.
Manuile. What remedie *Trotter.*
Em. Goe *Trotter*, my father calles.
Trotter. Would you haue me goe in, and leaue you two here?
Em. Why, dareſt thou not truſt me?
Trotter. Yes faith, euen as long as I ſee you.
Em. Goe thy waies I praye thee hartely.
Trotter. That ſame word (hartely) is of great force.
I will goe: but I praye ſir, beware you
Come not too neere the wench. *Exit Trotter.*
Manuile. I am greatly beholding to you
Ah Maiſtres, ſomtime I might haue ſaid my loue,
But time and fortune hath bereued me of that,
And I am abiect in thoſe gratious eyes
That with remorſe earſt ſawe into my griefe,
May ſit and ſigh the ſorowes of my heart.
Em. In deede my *Manuile* hath ſome cauſe to doubt,
When ſuch a Swaine is riuall in his loue,
Manuile. Ah *Em*, were he the man that cauſeth this miſtruſt,
I ſhould eſteeme of thee as at the firſt.
Em. But is my loue in earneſt all this while?
Manuile. Beleeue me *Em*, it is not time to ieſt
When others ioyes, what lately I poſſeſt.
Em If touching loue, my *Manuile* charge me thus?
Vnkindly muſt I take it at his handes,
For that my conſcience cleeres me of offence.
Manuile. Ah impudent and ſhameleſſe in thy ill,
That with thy cunning and defraudfull toung,
Seekeſe to delude the honeſt meaning minde:
Was neuer heard in *Mancheſter* before,
Of true louer then hath beene betwixte vs twaine:
And for my parte how I haue hazarded
Diſpleaſure of my father and my freindes
Thy ſelfe can witnes. Yet notwithſtanding this:
Two genlemen attending on *Duke William*
Mountney and *Valingford*, as I heard them named,

Oft times resort to see and to be seene,
Walking the streete fast by thy fathers dore,
Whose glauncing eyes vp to the windowes cast,
Giues testies of their Maisters amorous hart.
This *Em* is noted and too much talked on.
Some see it without mistrust of ill.
Others there are that scorning grynne thereat,
And saith, there goes the millers daughters wooers.
Ah me, whome chiefely and most of all it doth concerne
To spend my time in griefe and vexe my soule,
To thinke my loue should be rewarded thus,
And for thy sake abhore all women kind.
Em. May not a maide looke vpon a man
Without suspitious iudgement of the world?
Manuile. If sight do moue offence, it is the better not to see.
But thou didst more vnconstant as thou art,
For with them thou hadst talke and conference.
Em. May not a maide talke with a man without mistrust?
Manuile. Not with such men suspected amorous.
Em. I grieue to see my *Manuiles* ielosie
Manuile. Ah *Em*, faithfull loue is full of ielosie,
So did I loue thee true and faithfully,
For which I am rewarded most vnthankfully.
Exit in a rage, Manet Em.
And so awaie? what in displeasure gone?
And left me such a bitter sweete to gnawe vpon?
Ah *Manuile*, little wotteſt thou,
How neere this parting goeth to my heart.
Vncourteous loue whose followers reapes reward,
Of hate, disdaine, reproach and infamie,
The fruit of frantike, bedlome ielozie.
Here enter Mountney to Em.
But here comes one of these suspitious men:
Witnes my God without desert of me:
For onely *Manuile* honor I in harte:
Nor shall vnkindnes cause me from him to starte.

For

Mountney. For this good fortune, Venus be thou blest,
To meete my loue, the mistres of my heart,
Where time and place giues oportunitie
At full to let her vnderstand my loue.
He turnes to Em, & offers to take her by the hand, & shee goes from him.
Faire mistres, since my fortune sorts so well:
Heare you a word. What meaneth this?
Nay stay faire *Em.*
Em. I am going homewards, syr:
Mountney. Yet stay sweete loue to whom I must disclose
The hidden secrets of a louers thoughts,
Not doubting but to finde such kinde remorse
As naturally you are enclyned to.
Em. The Gentle-man your friend Syr,
I haue not seene him this foure dayes at the least.
Mountney. Whats that to me? I speak not sweete in person of my friend,
But for my selfe, whom if that loue deserue
To haue regard being honourable loue:
Not base affects of loose lasciuious loue:
Whome youthfull wantons play and dally with:
But that vnites in honourable bands of holy rytes,
And knits the sacred knot that Gods. *Here Em cuts him off.*
Em. What meane you sir, to keepe me here so long?
I cannot vnderstand you by your sygnes,
You keepe a pratling with your lippes,
But neuer a word you speake that I can heare.
Mountney. What is shee deafe? a great impediment.
Yet remedies there are for such defects.
Sweete *Em*, it is no little griefe to mee,
To see where nature in her pryde of art
Hath wrought perfections ritch and admirable.
Em. Speake you to mee Sir?
Mountney. To thee my onely ioy.
Em. I cannot heare you.
Mountney. Oh plague of Fortune: Oh hell without compare.
What bootes it vs to gaze and not enioy?

Em.

Em. Fare you well Sir. *Exit Em. Manet Mountney.*

Mountney. Fare well my loue. Nay farewell life and all.
Could I procure redresse for this infirmitie,
It might be meanes shee would regard my sute.
I am acquainted with the Kings Phisitions:
Amongst the which, theres one mine honest friend,
Seignior Alberto, a verie learned man.
His iudgement will I haue to help this ill.
Ah *Em*, faire *Em*, if Art can make thee whole:
Ile buy that sence for thee, although it cost mee deere.
But *Mountney*: stay, this may be but deceit,
A matter fained onely to delude thee.
And not vnlike, perhaps by *Valingford*,
He loues faire *Em* as well as I.
As well as I? ah no, not halfe so well.
Put case, yet may he be thine enimie,
And giue her counsell to dissemble thus.
Ile try the euent, and if it fall out so?
Frindship farewell: Loue makes me now a foe. *Exit Mountney.*

Enter Marques Lubeck, and Mariana.

Mariana. Trust me my Lord, I am sorie for your hurt.

Lubeck. Gramercie Madam: but it is not great:
Onely a thrust, prickt with a Rapiers point.

Mariana. How grew the quarrel my Lord?

Lubeck. Sweet Ladie, for thy sake.
There was this last night two maskes in one company,
My selfe the formost: The other strangers were:
Amongst the which, when the Musick began to sound the Measures,
Eche Masker made choice of his Ladie:
And one more forward than the rest stept towards thee:
Which I perceiuing, thrust him aside, and tooke thee my selfe.
But this was taken in so ill parte,
That at my comming out of the court gate, with iustling togither,
It was my chaunce to be thrust into the arme.
The doer thereof because he was the originall cause of the disorder
At that inconuenient time, was presently committed,

And is this morning sent for to aunswer the matter:
enters Sir And I think here he comes. What Sir *Robert* of *Windsor* how now?
rr of *Sir Robert.* Yfaith my Lord a prisoner: but what ayles your arme?
lsor with *Lubeck.* Hurte the last night by mischaunce.
lor. *Sir Robert.* What, not in the maske at the Court gate?
Lubeck. Yes trust me there.
Sir Rob. Why then my Lorde I thank you for my nights lodging.
Lubeck. And I you for my hurt, if it were so?
Keeper awaie, I discharge you of your prisoner. *Exit the Keeper.*
Sir Robert. Lord *Marques*, you offerd me disgrace to shoulder me.
Lubeck. Sir I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me
And the rather it might be alleaged to me of
Meare simplisitie, to see another daunce with my Maistris
disguysed, and I my selfe in presence: but seeing it
Was our happs to damnifie each other vnwillingly,
Let vs be content with our harmes,
And laye the fault where it was and so become friendes.
Sir Robert. Yfaith I am content with my nights lodging
If you be content with your hurt.
Lubeck. Not content that I haue it, but content
To forget how I came by it.
Sir Robert. My Lord, here comes Ladie *Blaunch*, lets away.
Enter Blaunch.
Lubeck. With good will, Ladie you will staie?
Exit Lubeck and Sir Robert.
Mariana. Madam.
Blaunch. *Mariana*, as I am grieued with thy presence:
So am I not offended for thy absence,
And were it not a breach to modestie,
Thou shouldest know before I left thee.
Mariana. How neare is this humor to madnesse
If you hould on as you begyn, you
are in a pretie waie to scoulding.
Blaunch. To scoulding huswife?
Mariana. Maddam here comes one,
Here enters one with a letter.
Blaunch

Blaunch. There doth in deed. Fellow wouldest thou haue any thing with any bodie here?

Messenger. I haue a letter to deliuer to the Ladie *Mariana.*

Blaunch. Giue it me.

Messen. There must none but shee haue it.

Blaunch snatcheth the letter from him. Et exit messenger.

Goto foolish fellow.
And therefore to ease the anger I sustaine,
Ile be so bolde to open it, whats here?
Sir *Robert* greets you well?
Your Maistries, his loue, his life? Oh amorous man,
How he entertaines his new Maistres?
And bestowes on *Lubeck* his od friend
A horne night capp to keepe in his wife.

Mariana. Maddam though you haue discourteously
Redd my letter, yet I praye you giue it me.

Blaunch. Then take it there, and there, and there.

She teares it. Et exit Blaunch.

Mariana. How farr doth this differ from modestie:
Yet will I gather vp the peeces, which happelie
May shew to me the intent thereof
Though not the meaning.

She gathers vpp the peeces and ioynes them.

Mariana. Your seruant and loue sir *Robert* of *Windsor*
Alius William the *Conqueror*, wisheth long health and happinesse.
Is this *William* the *Conqueror*, shrouded vnder
The name of sir *Robert* of *Windsor*?
Were he the Monarch of the world
He should not dispossesse *Lubeck* of his Loue.
Therefore I will to the Court, and there if I can
Close to be friendes with Ladie *Blaunch*,
And thereby keepe *Lubeck* my Loue for my selfe:
And further the Ladie *Blaunch* in her sute as much as I may. *Exit.*

Enter Em solus.

Em. Ielosie that sharpes the louers sight,
And makes him conceiue and conster his intent,

Hath ſo bewitched my louely *Manuils* ſences,
That he miſdoubts his *Em* that loues his ſoule.
He doth ſuſpect corriuals in his loue:
Which how vntrue it is, be iudge my God.
But now no more: Here commeth *Valingford*:
Shift him off now, as thou haſt done the other. *Enter Valingford.*

Valingf. See how Fortune preſents me with the hope I lookt for.
Faire *Em*?

Em. Who is that?

Valingf. I am *Valingford* thy loue and friend.

Em. I cry you mercie Sir: I thought ſo by your ſpeach.

Valingf. What ayleth thy eyes?

Em. Oh blinde Sir, blinde, ſtriken blind by miſhap on a ſudden.

Valingf. But is it poſsible you ſhould be taken on ſuch a ſuddain?
Infortunate *Valingford* to be thus croſt in thy loue.
Faire *Em*, I am not a little ſorie to ſee this thy hard hap:
Yet neuertheleſſe, I am acquainted with a learned Phiſitian,
That will do any thing for thee at my requeſt.
To him will I reſort, and enquire his iudgement,
As concerning the recouerie of ſo excellent a ſence.

Em. O Lord Sir: and of all things I cannot abide Phiſicke;
The verie name thereof to me is odious.

Valingford. No? not the thing will doe thee ſo much good?
Sweete *Em*, hether I came to parley of loue
Hoping to haue found thee in thy woonted proſperitie.
And haue the gods ſo vnmercifully thwarted my expectation?
By dealing ſo iniſterly with thee ſweete *Em*?

Em. Good ſir, no more, it fits not me
To haue reſpect to ſuch vaine fantaſies,
As idle loue preſentes my eares withall,
More reaſon I ſhould ghoſtlie giue my ſelfe,
To ſacred prayers for this my former ſinne,
For which this plague is iuſtly fallen vpon me,
Then to harken to the vanities of loue.

Valingford. Yet ſweet *Em* accept this iewell at my hand
Which I beſtowe on thee in token of my loue.

Em.

Em. A iewell sir, what pleasure can I haue
In iewels, treasure, or any worldly thing
That want my sight that should deserue thereof.
Ah sir I must leaue you:
The paine of mine eyes is so extreame
I cannot long staie in a place. I take my leaue. *Exit Em.*

Valingford. Zoundes, what a crosse is this to my conceite?
But *Valingford*, serch the depth of this deuise.
Why may not this be fained subteltie,
By *Mountneies* inuention, to the intent
That I seeing such occasion should leaue off my sute,
And not any more persiste to solicite her of loue.
Ile trie the euent, if I can by any meanes perceaue
The effect of this deceyte to be procured by his meanes,
Freind *Mountney* the one of vs is like to repent our bargeine. *Exit.*

Enter Mariana and Marques Lubeck.

Lubeck. Ladie, since that occasion forward in our good
Presenteth place and opportunitie:
Let me intreat your woonted kind consent
And freindly furtherance in a suite I haue.

Mariana. My Lord you know you neede not to intreat,
But may commaund *Mariana* to her power
Be it no impeachment to my honest fame.

Lubeck. Free are my thoughts from such base villanie
As may in question Ladie call your name:
Yet is the matter of such consequence
Standing vpon my honorable credit,
To be effected with such zeale and secresie,
As should I speake and faile my expectation
I would redound greatly to my preiudice.

Mariana. My Lord wherein hath *Mariana* giuen you occasion
That you should mistrust or else be ielous of my secrecie.

Lubeck. *Mariana*, do not misconster of me:
I not mistrust thee, nor thy secresie,
Nor let my loue misconster my intente,
Nor think thereof but well and honorable.

Thus ſtands the caſe: Thou knoweſt from England
Hether came with me *Robert of VVindſor*, a noble man at Armes,
Luſtie and valiant, in ſpring time of his yeares,
No maruell then though he proue amorous.
Mariana. True my Lord, he came to ſee faire *Blanch*.
Lubeck. No *Mariana*, that is non it.
His loue to *Blanch* was then extinct
When firſt he ſawe thy face.
Tis thee he loues: yea, thou art onely ſhee
That is maiſtres and commaunder of his thoughts.
Mariana. Well well my Lord, I like you, for ſuch driftes
Put ſilly Ladies often to their ſhiftes
Oft haue I heard you ſaye, you loued me well:
Yea, ſworne the ſame, and I beleeued you to.
Can this be found an action of good faith,
Thus to diſſemble where you found true loue?
Lubeck. Mariana, I not diſſemble on mine honour:
Nor failes my faith to thee. But for my friend,
For princely William, by whom thou ſhalt poſſeſſe
The tytle of eſtate and Maieſtie,
Fitting thy loue and vertues of thy minde,
For him I ſpeake, for him do I intreat,
And with thy fauour fully do reſigne
To him the claime and intereſt of my loue.
Sweete *Mariana* then denie mee not,
Loue William, loue my friend and honour mee
Who els is cleane diſhonored by thy meanes.
Mariana Borne to miſhap, my ſelfe am onely ſhee,
On whome the Sunne of Fortune neuer ſhyned:
But Planets rulde by retrogard aſpect,
Foretolde mine yll in my natiuitie.
Lubeck. Sweete Ladie ſeace, let my intreatie ſerue
To pacifie the paſsion of thy griefe,
Which well I know proceedes of ardent loue.
Mariana. But *Lubeck* now regardes not *Mariana*:
Lubeck. Euen as my life, ſo loue I *Mariana*.

Mariana. Why do you poste mee to another then?
Lubeck. He is my friend, and I do loue the man.
Mariana. Then will *Duke VVilliam* robb me of my Loue?
Lubeck. No as his life *Mariana* he doth loue.
Mariana. Speake for your selfe my Lord let him alone.
Lubeck. So do I Madam, for he and I am one.
Mariana. Then louing you I do content you both.
Lubeck. In louing him you shall content vs both.
Me, for I craue that fauour at your handes:
He for hopes that comfort at your hands.
Mariana, Leaue of my Lord, here comes the Ladie *Blaunch.*
Enter Blaunch to them.
LuBeck, Hard hap to breake vs of our talke so soone,
Sweet *Mariana* doe remember me. *Exit Lubeck.*
Mariana. Thy *Mariana* cannot chuse but remember thee.
Blaunch. Mariana well met, you are verie forward in your Loue?
Mariana. Madam be it in secret spoken to your selfe,
If you wil but follow the complot I haue inuented
you will not think me so forward.
As your selfe shall proue fortunate.
Blaunch. As how?
Mariana. Madam as thus: It is not vnknowen to you,
That *Sir Robert* of *Windsor,*
A man that you do not little esteeme,
Hath long importuned me of Loue:
But rather then I will be found false
Or vniust to the *Marques Lubeck,*
I will as did the constant ladie *Penelope*
Vndertake to effect some great taske.
Blaunch. What of all this?
Mariana. The next tyme that *Sir Robert* shall come
In his woonted sort to solicit me with Loue,
I will seeme to agree and like of any thing
That the Knight shal demaund so far foorth
As it be no impeachment to my chastitie:
And to conclude, poynt some place for to meete the man.

For my conueiance from the *Denmarke* Court:
Which determined vpon, he will appoynt some certaine time
For our departure: whereof you hauing intelligence,
You may soone set downe a plot to were the English Crowne.
And than?

Blanch. What then?

Mariana. If Sir *Robert* proue a King and you his Queene
How than?

Blanch. Were I assured of the one, as I am perswaded
Of the other, there were some possibilitie in it.
But here comes the man.

Mariana. Madam begon and you shall see
I will worke to your desire and my content. *Exit Blanch.*

William. Con. Ladie this is well and happelie met,
Fortune hetherto hath beene my foe,
And though I haue oft sought to speake with you,
Yet still I haue beene crost with sinister happs.
I cannot Madame tell a louing tale
Or court my Maistres with fabulous discourses,
That am a souldier sworne to followe armes:
But this I bluntly let you vnderstand,
I honor you with such religious Zeale
As may become an honorable minde.
Nor may I make my loue the seege of Troye
That am a straunger in this Countrie.
First what I am, I know you are resolued,
For that my friend hath let you that to vnderstand,
The *Marques Lubeck* to whome I am so bound,
That whilest I liue I count me onely his.

Mariana. Surely you are beholding to the *Marques*,
For he hath beene an earnest spokes-man in your cause.

William. And yealdes my Ladie then at his request.
To grace Duke *William* with her gratious loue?

Mariana. My Lord I am a prisoner, and hard it were
To get me from the Courte.

William. An easie matter to get you from the Court,

If case that you will thereto giue consent.

Mariana. Put case I should, how would you vse me than?

William. Not otherwise but well and honorably.
I haue at Sea a shipp that doth attend,
Which shall foorthwith conducte vs into England
Where when we are, I straight will marrie thee.
We may not stay deliberating long;
Least that suspition, enuious of our weale
Set in a foote to hinder our pretence.

Mariana. But this I think were most conuenient
To maske my face the better to scape vnknowen.

William. A good deuise: till then, Farwell faire loue.

Mariana. But this I must intreat your grace,
You would not seeke by lust vnlawfully
To wrong my chast determinations.

William. I hold that man most shameles in his sinne
That seekes to wrong an honest Ladies name
Whome he thinkes worthie of his mariage bed.

Mariana. In hope your othe is true,
I leaue your grace till the appoynted tyme.

Exit Mariana.

William. O happie *William*, blessed in thy loue:
Most fortunate in *Marianaes* loue,
Well *Lubeck* well, this courtesie of thine
I will requite if God permit me life. *Exit.*

Enter Valingford and Mountney at two sundrie dores, looking angerly each on other with Rapiers drawen.

Mountney. *Valingford*, so hardlie I disgest an iniurie
Thou hast profered me, as were not that I detest to doe what stands
Not with the honor of my name,
Thy death should paie thy ransome of thy fault.

Valingford. And *Mountney*, had not my reuenging wrath
Incenst with more than ordinarie loue
beene such for to depriue thee of thy life,
Thou hadst not liude to braue me as thou doest wretch as thou arte,
wherein hath *Valingford* offended thee?

That honourable bond which late we did confirme
In presence of the Gods,
When with the Conqueror we arriued here
For my part hath beene kept inuiolably
Till now too much abused by thy villanie,
I am inforced to cancell all those bands,
By hating him which I so well did loue.
Mountney. Subtil thou art, and cunning in thy frawd,
That giuing me occasion of offence,
Thou pickst a quarrell to excuse thy shame.
Why *Valingford*, was it not enough for thee
To be aryuall twixt me and my loue,
But counsell her to my no small disgrace,
That when I came to talke with her of loue,
Shee should seeme deafe, as fayning not to heare.
Valingford. But hath shee *Mountney* vsed thee as thou sayest?
Mountney. Thou knowest too well shee hath:
Wherein thou couldest not do me greater iniurie.
Valingford. Then I perceiue we are deluded both.
For when I offered many gifts of Gold and Iewels
To entreat for loue, shee hath refused them with a coy disdaine,
Alledging that thee could not see the Sunne.
The same coniectured I to be thy drift,
That fayning so shee might be ridd of mee.
Mountney. The like did I by thee. But are not these naturall impe-
Validgford. In my coniecture merely counterfeit: (diments?
Therefore lets ioyne hands in frindship once againe,
Since that the iarre grewe only by coniecture.
Mountney. With all my heart: Yet lets trye the truth hereof.
Valingf. With right good will. We wil straight vnto her father,
And there to learne whither it be so or no. *Exeunt.*

Enter VVilliam and Blanch disguised, with a maske ouer her face.

William. Come on my loue, the comfort of my life:
Disguised thus we may remaine vnknowen.

And get we once to Seas, I force not then,
We quickly shall attaine the English shore.
Blanch. But this I vrge you with your former oath.
You shall not seeke to violate mine honour,
Vntill our marriage rights be all performed.
William. Mariana, here I sweare to thee by heauen,
And by the honour that I beare to Armes,
Neuer to seeke or craue at hands of thee,
The spoyle of honourable chastitie
Vntill we do attaine the English coast,
Where thou shalt be my right espoused Queene.
Blanch. In hope your oath proceedeth from your heart,
Lets leaue the Court, and betake vs to his power
That gouernes all things to his mightie will,
And will reward the iust with endlesse ioye,
And plague the bad with most extreame annoy.
William. Lady, as little tarriance as wee may,
Lest some misfortune happen by the way.

Exit Blanch & William.

Enter the Miller, his man Trotter, & Manuile.

Miller. I tell you sir, it is no little greefe to mee,
You should so hardly conseit of my daughter,
Whose honest report, though I saie it,
Was neuer blotted with any title of defamation.
Manuile. Father *Miller*, the repaire of those gentlemen to your house,
Hath giuen me great occasion to mislike.
Miller. As for those gentlemen, I neuer saw in them
Any euill intreatie. But should they haue profered it?
Her chaste minde hath proofe enough to preuent it.
Trotter. Those gentlemen are as honest as euer I sawe:
For yfaith one of them gaue me sixe pence
To fetch a quart of Seck. See maister here they come.

Enter Mountney and Valingford.

Miller. *Trotter*, call *Em*, now they are here together,
Ile haue this matter throughly debated. *Exit Trotter.*
Mountney. Father, well met. We are come to conferre with you.

Manuile. Nay? with his daughter rather.
Valingford. Thus it is father, we are come to craue your frindſhip
Miller. Gentlemen as you are ſtraungers to me, (in a matter.
Yet by the waie of courteſie you ſhall demaund
Any reaſonable thing at my hands.
Manuile. What is the matter ſo forward?
They came to craue his good will.
Valinford. It is giuen vs to vnderſtand that your daughter
Is ſodenly become both blind and deafe.
Miller. Marie God for bid, I haue ſent for her, in deed
She hath kept her chamber this three daies.
It were no litle griefe to me if it ſhould be ſo?
Manuile. This is Gods iudgement for her trecherie.
Enter Trotter leading Em.
Miller. Gentlemen I feare your wordes are two true:
See where Trotter comes leading of her.
What ayles my Em, not blind I hope?
Em. *Mountney* and *Validgford* both together?
And *Manuile* to whom I haue faithfullie vowed my loue?
Now Em ſuddenly helpe thy ſelfe.
Mountney. This is no deſembling *Valingford.*
Valingford. If it be? it is cunningly contriued of all ſides.
Em. *Trotter* lend me thy hand,
And as thou loueſt me keepe my counſell
And iuſtifie what ſo euer I ſaie, and Ile largely requite thee.
Trotter. Ah, thats as much as to ſaie you would tell a monſtrous,
Terrible, horrible, outragious lie,
And I ſhall ſooth it, no berladie.
Em. My preſent extremitie wills me, if thou loue me *Trotter?*
Trotter. That ſame word loue makes me to doe any thing.
Em. *Trotter* wheres my father?
He thruſts Em vpon her father.
Trotter. Why what a blynd dunce are you, can you not ſee?
He ſtandeth right before you.
Em. Is this my father?
Good father giue me leaue to ſit

Where

Where I may not be disturbed
Sith God hath visited me both of my sight and hearing.
Miller. Tell me sweete *Em* how came this blindnes.
Thy eyes are louely to looke on,
And yet haue they lost the benefit of their sight.
What a griefe is this to thy poore father?
Em. Good father let me uot stand as an open gazing stock to
But in a place a lone as fits a creature so miserable. (euerie one,
Miller. Trotter lead her in, the vtter ouerthrowe
Of poore *Goddardes* ioy and onely solace.
Exit the Miller, Trotter and Em.
Manuile. Both blind and deafe, then is she no wife for me?
And glad am I so good occasion is hapned:
Now will I awaie to *Mancheſter*
And leaue these gentlemen to their blind fortune. *Exit Manuile*
Mountney. Since fortune hath thus spitefully crost our hope,
Let vs leaue this gueſt and harken after our King:
Who is at this daie landed at *Lirpoole.* *Exit Mountney.*
Valingford. God my Lord Ile follow you.
VVell, now *Mountney* is gone
Ile staie behind to solicit my loue,
For I imagine that I shall find this but a fained inuention
Thereby to haue vs leaue off our sutes.
Enter Marques Lubeck and the King of Denmark angerly with some attendants.
Zweno. K. VVell *Lubeck* well, it is not possible
But you must be concenting to this acte?
Is this the man so highly you extold?
And playe a parte so hatefull with his friend?
Since first he came with thee into the court
What entertainement and what countenance
He hath receiued, none better knowes than thou.
In recompence whereof he quites me well,
To steale awaie faire *Mariana* my prisoner,
Whose raunsome being lately greed vpon,
I am deluded of by this escape.

Beſides, I know not how to anſwere it
When ſhee ſhal be demaunded home to Swethia.
Lubeck. My gracious Lord, coniecture not I pray
Worſer of Lubeck than he doth deſerue.
Your highnes knowes *Mariana* was my loue,
Sole paragon and miſtres of my thoughts.
Is it likely I ſhould know of her departure,
Wherein there is no man iniured more than I.
Zweno. That carries reaſon *Marques* I confeſſe.
Call foorth my daughter. Yet I am perſwaded
That ſhee poore ſoule ſuſpected not her going:
For as I heare: ſhee likewiſe loued the man,
Which he to blame did not at all regard.
Rocilia. My Lord here is the Princeſſe *Mariana*:
It is your daughter is conueyed away.
Zweno. What, my daughter gone?
Now Marques your villanie breakes foorth.
This match is of your making, gentle ſir:
And you ſhall dearly know the price thereof.
Lubeck. Knew I thereof, or that there was intent
In Robert thus to ſteale your highnes daughter:
Let heauens in Iuſtice preſently confound me.
Zweno. Not all the proteſtations thou canſt vſe,
Shall ſaue thy life. Away with him to priſon.
And minion, otherwiſe it cannot be,
But you are an agent in this trecherie.
I will reuenge it throughly on you both.
Away with her to priſon. Heres ſtuffe in deede!
My daughter ſtolen away?
It booteth not thus to diſturbe my ſelfe,
But preſently to ſend to Engliſh William,
To ſend me that proud knight of Windſor hither,
Here in my Court to ſuffer for his ſhame:
Or at my pleaſure to be puniſhed there.
Withall, that *Blanch* be ſent me home againe,
Or I ſhall fetch her vnto *Windſors* coſte,

Yea,

Yea, and *William* too if he denie her mee?. *Exit Zwene.*

Enter William taken with souldiers.

William. Could any crosse, could any plague be worse?
Could heauen or hell? Did both conspire in one
To afflict my soule, inuent a greater scourge
Then presently I am tormented with?
Ah *Mariana* cause of my lament:
Ioy of my hart, and comfort of my life.
For thee I breath my sorrowes in the ayre,
And tyre my selfe: for silently I sigh,
My sorrowes afflictes me soule with equall passion.

Souldier. Go to sirha, put vp, it is to small purpose.

William. Hence villaines hence, dare you lay your hands
Vpon your Soueraigne?

Souldier. Well sir, we will deale for that.
But here comes one will remedie all this.

Enter Demarch.

Souldier. My Lord, watching this night in the campe,
We tooke this man, and know not what he is:
And in his companie was a gallant dame,
A woman faire in outward shewe shee seemde,
But that her face was maskte we could not see
The grace and fauour of her countenance.

Demarch. Tell me good fellow of whence and what thou art.

Souldier. Why do you not answere my Lord?
He takes scorne to answere.

Demarch. And takest thou scorne to aunswer my demaund?
Thy proud behauiour verie well deserues
This misdemeanour at the worst be construed.
Why doest thou neither know, nor hast thou heard?
That in the absence of the Saxon Duke,
Demarch is his especiall Substitute
To punish those that shall offend the lawes.

William. In knowing this, I know thou art a traytor,
A rebell, and mutenous conspirator.
Why *Demarch*, knowest thou who I am?

Demarch.

Demarch. Pardon my dread Lord the error of my ſence,
And miſdemeaner to your princely excellencie.
Willi. Why *Demarch*, what is the cauſe my ſubiects are in armes?
Demarch. Free are my thoughts my dread and gratious Lord
From treaſon to your ſtate and common weale,
Only reuengement of a priuate grudge
By Lord *Dirot* lately profered me,
That ſtandes not with the honor of my name,
Is cauſe I haue aſſembled for my guard
Some men in armes that may withſtand his force,
Whoſe ſetled malice aymeth at my life.
VVilliam. Where is Lord *Dirot*?
Demarch. In armes my gratious Lord
Not paſt two miles from hence,
As credibly I am aſſertained.
VVilliam. Well, come let vs goe,
I feare I ſhall find traytors of you both. *Exit.*

Enter the Citizen of Mancheſter and his daughter Elner and Manuile.

Citizen. In deed ſir it would do verie well
If you could intreat your father to come hither:
But if you thinke it be too farr,
I care not much to take horſe and ride to Mancheſter,
I am ſure my daughter is content with either:
How ſaieſt thou *Elner* art thou not?
Elner. As you ſhall think beſt I muſt be contented.
Manuile. Well *Elner* farwell, onely thus much,
I pray make all things in a readines,
Either to ſerue here or to carry thither with vs.
Citizen. As for that ſir take you no care,
And ſo I betake you to your iournie.

Enter Valingford.

But ſoft what gentleman is this?
Valingf. God ſpeed ſir, might a man craue a word or two with you
Citizen God forbid els ſir, I praye you ſpeake your pleaſure.
Valingford. The gentleman that parted from you, was he not

Of

Of Mancheſter, his father lyuing there of good account,
Citizen. Yes mary is he ſir: why doe you aske?
Belike you haue had ſome acquaintance with him.
Valingford. I haue beene acquainted in times paſt,
But through his double dealing,
I am growen werie of his companie,
For be it ſpoken to you:
He hath beene acquainted with a poore millers daughter,
And diuers tymes hath promiſt her mariage.
But what with his delayes and floutes,
He hath brought her into ſuch a taking,
That I feare me it will coſt her her life.
Citizen. To be playne with you ſir:
His father and I haue beene of old acquaintance,
And a motion was made,
Betweene my daughter and his ſonne,
Which is now throughly agreed vpon
Saue onely the place appoynted for the mariage,
Whether it ſhall be kept here or at Mancheſter,
And for no other occaſion he is now ridden.
Elner. What hath he done to you?
That you ſhould ſpeake ſo ill of the man.
Valingford. Oh gentlewoman I crie you mercie,
He is your husband that ſhalbe.
Elner. If I knew this to be true?
He ſhould not be my husband were he neuer ſo good:
And therefore, good father,
I would deſire you to take the paines
To beare this gentleman companie to Mancheſter
to know whether this be true or no.
Citizen. Now truſt me gentleman he deales with me verie hardly,
Knowing how well I ment to him.
But I care not much to ride to Mancheſter
To know whether his fathers will be,
He ſhould deale with me ſo badlie,
Will it pleaſe you ſir to goe in, we will preſently take horſe & awaie.

Valingford. If it please you to go in
I'e followe you presently. *Exit Elner and her father.*
Now shall I be reuenged on *Mannile,*
And by this meanes get *Em* to my wife.
And therefore I will straight to her fathers
And informe them both of all that is hapned. *Exit.*

Enter William, the Ambassador of Denmarke, Demarch, and other attendants.

William. What newes with the Denmark Embassador?
Embassador. Mary thus, the King of Denmark and my Soueraine
Doth send to know of thee what is the cause
That iniuriously against the law of armes,
Thou hast stolen awaie his onely daughter *Blaunch,*
The onely staie and comfort of his life.
Therefore by me he willeth thee to send his daughter *Blaunch,*
Or else foorthwith he will leuy such an hoste,
As soone shall fetch her in dispite of thee.
William. *Embassador,* this answer I retorne thy King.
He willeth me to send his daughter *Blaunch:*
Saying I conuaid her from the Danish court,
That neuer yet did once as think thereof.
As for his menacing and daunting threats
I nill regard him nor his Danish power.
For if he come to fetch her foorth my Realme,
I will prouide him such a banquet here
That he shall haue small cause to giue me thanks.
Embassador. Is this your answer then?
William It is and so begone.
Embassador. I goe but to your cost. *Exit Ambassador.*
William. *Demarch* our subiects earst leuied in ciuill broyles,
Musterd foorthwith for to defend the Realme,
In hope whereof that we shall find you true,
We freely pardon this thy late offence.
Demarch. Most humble thanks I render to your grace.
Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Millier and Valingford.

Miller. Alas gentleman, why should you trouble your self so much
Considering the imperfections of my daughter
Which is able to with-drawe the loue of any man from her,
As alreadie it hath done to her first choyce.
Maister *Mannile* hath forsaken her,
And at Chester shall be maried to a mans daughter of no little wealth.
But if my daughter knew so much:
It would goe verie neere her heart I feare me.

Valing Father miller: such is the entyre affection to your daughter,
As no misfortune whatsoeuer can alter.
My fellow *Mountney* thou seeste gaue quicly ouer,
But I by reason of my good meaning
Am not so soone to be changed
Although I am borne off with scornes and deniall.

Enter Em to them.

Miller. Trust me sir I know not what to saie,
My daughter is not to be compelled by me,
But here she comes her self: speake to her and spare not:
For I neuer was troubled with loue matters so much before.

Em. Good Lord shall I neuer be rid of this importunate man?
Now must I dissemble blyndnes againe,
Once more for thy sake *Mannile* thus am I inforced,
Because I shall complete my full resolued mynde to thee.
Father where are you?

Miller. Here sweete *Em*, answer this gentleman
That would so fayne enioye thy loue.

Em. W here are you sir? wil you neuer leaue
This idle and vaine pursuite of loue?
Is not England stord enought to content you?
But you must still trouble the poore
Contemptible mayd of Manchester.

Valing. None can content me but the fayre maide of Manchester.

Em. I perceiue loue is vainly described,
That being blynd himself,

Would haue you likewise troubled with a blinde wife,
Hauing the benefite of your eyes,
But neither follow him so much in follie,
But loue one, in whome you may better delight.
Valingford. Father Miller, thy daughter shall haue honor
By granting mee her loue: By granting mee her loue:
I am a Gentleman of king Williams Court,
And no meane man in king Williams fauour.
Em. If you be a Lorde syr, as you saye:
You offer both your selfe and mee great wrong:
Yours, as apparant in limitting your loue so vnorderly,
For which you rashly endure reprochement:
Mine, as open and euident,
When being shut from the vanities of this world,
you would haue me as an open gazing stock to all the world:
For lust, not loue leades you into this error:
But from the one I will keepe me as well as I can,
And yeeld the other to none but to my father,
As I am bound by duetie.
Valingford. Why faire *Em*, *Manuile* hath forsaken thee,
And must at Chester be married, which,
If I speake otherwise than true,
Let thy father speake what credibly he hath heard.
Em. But can it be *Manuile* will deale so vnkindly,
To reward my iustice with such monstrous vngentlenes,
Haue I dissembled for thy sake?
And doest thou now thus requite it?
In deede these many daies I haue not seene him,
Which hath made me marueile at his long absence.
But father, are you assured of the wordes he spake,
were concerning *Manuile*?
Miller. In sooth daughter, now it is foorth,
I must needes confirme it.
Maister *Manuile* hath forsaken thee,
And at Chester must be married
To a mans daughter of no little wealth.

His owne father procures it,
And therefore I dare credit it,
And do thou beleeue it,
For truſt mee daughter it is ſo.

Em. Then good father pardon the iniurie,
That I haue don to you onely cauſing your griefe,
By ouer-fond affecting a man ſo trothleſſe.
And you likewiſe ſir, I pray holde me excuſed,
As I hope this cauſe will allow ſufficiently for mee:
My loue to *Mannile*, thinking he would requite it,
Hath made me double with my father and you,
And many more beſides,
Which I will no longer hyde from you.
That inticing ſpeeches ſhould not beguile mee,
I haue made my ſelfe deafe to any but to him.
And leſt any mans perſon ſhould pleaſe mee more than his,
I haue diſſembled the want of my ſight:
Both which ſhaddowes of my irreuocable affections,
I haue not ſparde to confirme before him,
My father, and all other amorous ſoliciters:
Wherewith not made acquainted, I perceiue
My true intent hath wrought mine owne ſorrow.
And ſeeking by loue to be regarded,
Am cut of with contempt, and diſpiſed.

Miller. Tell me ſweet *Em* haſt thou but fained all this while for his loue,
That hath ſo deſcourteouſly for ſaken thee.

Em. Credit me father *I* haue told you the troth,
Wherewith *I* deſire you and Lord *Valingford* not to be diſpleaſed
For ought elſe *I* ſhall ſaie,
Let my preſent griefe hold me excuſed.
But may *I* liue to ſee that vngratfull man
Iuſtly rewarded for his trecherie?
Poore *Em* woulde think her ſelfe not a little happie,
Fauour my departing at this inſtant,
For my troubled thought deſires to meditate alone in ſilence

Exit Em.

Valingf VVill not *Em* shew one chereful looke on *Valingford*?
Miller. Alas sir, blame her not, you see she hath good cause,
being so handled by this gentleman:
And so I le leaue you, and go comfort my poore wench
As well as I may. *Exit the Miller.*
Valingford. Farewell good father. *Exit Valingford.*

Enter Zweno king of Denmarke with Rosilio, and other attendants.

Zweno. Rosilio, Is this the place whereas the Duke *William*
should meete mee?
Rosilio. It is, and like your grace.
Zweno. Goe captaine away, regard the charge I gaue:
See all our men be martialed for the fight.
Dispose the VVardes as lately was deuised.
And let the prisoners vnder seuerall gardes
Be kept apart vntill you heare from vs.
Let this suffise, you know my resolution.
If William Duke of Saxon be the man,
That by his answere sent vs, he would send
Not words but wounds: not parleis but alarmes,
Must be descider of this controuersie.
Rosilio, stay with mee, the rest begone. *Exeunt.*

Enter VVilliam, and Demarch with other attendants
VV*illiam.* All but *Demarch* go shroud you out of sight,
For I will goe parley with the Prince my selfe.
Demarch. Should *Zweno* by this parley call you foorth,
Vpon intent iniuriously to deale:
This offereth too much oportunitie.
VV*illiam.* No no *Demarch*, that were a breach
Against the law of Armes: therefore begon,
And leaue vs here alone. *Exeunt.*
I see that *Zweno* is maister of his worde.
Zweno, VVilliam of Saxonie greeteth thee

Either

Either well or yll, according to thy intent.
If well thou wish to him and Saxonie,
He bids thee frindly welcome as he can.
If yll thou wish to him and Saxanie,
He must withstand thy mallice as he may.
Zweno. VVilliam, for other name and title giue I none
To him, who were he worthie of those honours
That Fortune and his predecessors left,
I ought by right and humaine courtesie
To grace his style with Duke of Saxonie.
But for I finde a base degenerate mynde,
I frame my speech according to the man,
And not the state that he vnworthie holdes.
VV*illiam.* Herein *Zweno* dost thou abase thy state,
To breake the peace which by our aunce sters
Hath heretofore bene honourably kept.
Zweno. And should that peace for euer haue been kept,
Had not thy selfe beene author of the breach;
Nor stands it with the honor of my state,
Or nature of a father to his childe,
That I should so be robbed of my daughter;
And not vnto the vtmost of my power
Reuenge so intollerable an iniurie.
VV*illiam.* Is this the colour of your quarrell *Zweno*?
I well perceiue the wisest men may erre.
And thinke you I conueyed away your daughter *Blanch*?
Zweno. Art thou so impudent to deny e thou didst?
VVhen that the proofe thereof is manifest?
VV*illiam.* VVhat proofe is there?
Zweno. Thine owne confession is sufficient proofe.
VV*illiam.* Did I confesse *I* stole your daughter *Blanch*?
Zweno. Thou didst confesse thou hadst a Ladie hence.
VV*illiam.* *I* haue and do.
Zweno. VVhy that was *Blanch* my daughter.
William. Nay, that was *Mariana*,
who wrongfully thou detainest prisoner.

Zweno

Zweno. Shameleſſe perſiſting in thy ill,
Thou doeſt mayntaine a manifeſt vntrothe,
As ſhee ſhall iuſtifie vnto thy teethe.
Roſilio fetch her and the *Marques* hether.
Exit Roſilio for Mariana.

William. It cannot be I ſhould be ſo deceiued.
Demarch. I heard this night among the ſouldiers,
That in their watch they tooke a penſiue Ladie:
Who at the appoyntment of the Lord *Dirot* is yet in keeping.
What ſhe is I know not,
Onely thus much, I ouer-hard by chance.
Welliam. And what of this.
Demarch. It may be *Blaunch* the King of Denmarkes daughter.
William. It may be ſo: but on my lyfe it is not?
Yet *Demarch*, goe and fetch her ſtrayght.

Enter Roſilio with the Marques.

Roſilio. Pleaſeth your highnes, here is the *Marques* and *Mariana.*
Zweno. See here, *Duke William*, your competitors
That were conſenting to my daughters ſcape.
Let them reſolut you of the trueth hereing,
And here I vowe and ſolemly proteſt,
That in thy preſence they ſhall loſe their heds:
Vnleſſe I here where as my daughter is.
William. O *Marques Lubeck* how it grieueth me,
That for my ſake thou ſhouldeſt indure theſe bondes,
Be iudge my ſoule that feeles the martirdome.
Marques. *Duke William*, you know it is for your cauſe,
It pleaſeth thus the King to miſconceiue of me,
And for his pleaſure doth me iniurie.

Enter Demarch with the Ladie Blaunch.

Demarch. May it pleaſe your hightnes,
Here is the Ladie you ſent me for,
William. Awaie *Demarch*, what telleſt thou me of Ladies?

Iſo

I so detest the dealing of their sex,
As that I count a louers state to be the base
And vildest slauerie in the world.
Demarch. What humors are these? heres a straunge alteration.
Zweno. See *Duke William*, is this *Blaunch* or no?
You know her, if you see her I am sure.
William. *Zweno* I was deceiued, yea vtterly deceiued,
Yet this is shee: this same is Ladie *Blaunch*.
And for mine error, here I am content
To do whatsoeuer *Zweno* shall set downe.
Ah cruell *Mariana* thus to vse
The man which loued and honored thee with his heart.
Mariana. When first I came into your highnes court,
And *William* often importing me of loue:
I did deuise to ease the griefe your daughter did sustain,
Shee should meete Sir *William* masked as I it were.
This put in proofe, did take so good effect,
As yet it seemes his grace is not resolued,
But it was I which he conueid awaie.
William. May this be true? It cannot be but true.
Was it Ladie *Blaunch* which I conueid awaie?
Vnconstant *Mariana*,
Thus to deale with him which ment to thee nought but faith.
Blaunch. Pardon deere father my follyes that are past,
Wherein I haue neglected me dutie
Which I in reuerence ought to shew your grace,
For led by loue I thus haue gone astray,
And now repent the errors I was in.
Zweno. Stand vp deare daughter though thy fault deserues
For to be punisht in the extremest sort.
Yet loue that couers multitude of sinns
Makes loue in parents winke at childrens faults.
Sufficeth *Blaunch* thy father loues thee so,
Thy follies past he knowes but will not know.
And here Duke *William* take my daughter to thy wife.
For well I am assured she loues thee well.

William. A proper coniuntion: as who should saie,
Lately come out of the fyer,
I would goe thrust my selfe into the flame.
Let Maistres nice goe Saint it where she list,
And coyly quaint it with dissembling face.
I hold in scorne the fooleries that they vse,
I being free will neuer subiect my selfe
to any such as shee is vnderneth the Sunne.
Zweno. Refusest thou to take my daughter to thy wife?
I tel thee Duke, this rash denjall
May bring more mischiefe on thee then thou canst avoide.
William. Conseit hath wrought such generall dislike
Through the false dealing of *Mariana*,
That vtterly I doe abhore their sex.
They are all disloyall, vnconstant, all vniust:
Who tryes as I haue tryed,
And findes as I haue founde,
Will saie thers no such creatures on the ground.
Blanch. Vnconstant Knight, though some deserue no trust
Thers others faithfull, louing, loyall, & iust.

Enter to them Valingford with Em and the Miller, and Mountney, and Manuile, and Elner.

Willi. How now Lord *Valingford* what makes these women here?
Valing. Here be two women, may it please your grace,
that are contracted to one man,
And are in strife whether shall haue him to their husband.
William. Stand foorth women and saie,
To whether of you did he first giue his faith.
Em. To me forsooth.
Elner. To me my gratious Lord.
William. Speak *Manuile*, to whether didst thou giue thy faith?
Manuile. To saie the troth: this maide had first my loue.
Elner. Yea *Manuile*, but there was no witnesse by.
Em. Thy conscience Manuile a hundred witnesses.

Elner

Elner. Shee hath ſtolne a conſcience to ſerue her own turne.
But you are deceiued, yfaith he will none of you.
Manuile. In deede, dred Lord, ſo deere *I* held her loue,
As in the ſame I put my whole delight.
But ſome impediments which at that inſtant hapned,
Made me forſake her quite,
For which I had her fathers franke conſent.
William. What were the impediments?
Manuile. Why ſhee could neither heare nor ſee.
William. Now ſhee doth both. Mayden, how were you cured?
Em. Pardon my Lord, Ile tell your grace the troth,
Be it not imputed to mee as diſcredite.
I loued this *Manuile* ſo much, that ſtill methought
When he was abſent did preſent to mee
The forme and feature of that countenance
Which *I* did ſhrine an ydoll in mine heart.
And neuer could I ſee a man methought
That equald *Manuile* in my partiall eye.
Nor was there any loue betweene vs loſt,
But that *I* held the ſame in high regard,
Vntill repaire of ſome vnto our houſe,
Of whome my *Manuile* grewe thus iealous:
As if he tooke exception *I* vouchſafed
To heare them ſpeake, or ſaw them when they came:
On which *I* ſtraight tooke order with my ſelfe
To voide the ſcrupule of his conſcience,
By counterfaiting that *I* neither ſawe nor heard,
Any wayes to rid my hands of them.
All this I did to keepe my *Manuiles* loue,
Which he vnkindly ſeekes for to rewarde.
Maluile. And did my *Em* to keepe her faith with mee
Diſſemble that ſhee neither heard nor ſawe.
Pardon me ſweet *Em*, for I am onely thine.
Em. Lay off thy hands, diſloyall as thou art,
Nor ſhalt thou haue poſſeſsion of my loue,
That canſt ſo finely ſhift thy matters off.

Put case I had beene blinde and could not see,
As often times such visitations falles
That pleaseth God which all things doth dispose:
Shouldest thou forsake mee in regard of that?
I tell thee *Mannile*, hadst thou beene b'inde,
Or deafe, or dumbe, or else what impediments
might befall to man, *Em* would haue loued and kept,
And honoured thee: yea, begde if wealth had fayde
For thy releefe.

Mannile. Forgiue mee sweete *Em*.

Em. I do forgiue thee with my heart,
And will forget thee too if case I can:
But neuer speake to mee, nor seeme to know mee.

Mannile. Then farewell frost:
Well fare a'wench that will.
Now, *Elner* I am thine owne my gyrle.

Elner. Mine *Mannile*? thou neuer shalt be myne.
I so detest thy villanie,
That whilest I liue I will abhor thy company.

Mannile. Is it come to this? of late, I had choyce of twaine
On either side to haue me to her husband:
And now am vtterly rejected of them both.

Valingford. My Lord this gentleman when time was
Stood some-thing in our light,
And now I thinke it not a misse
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at vs.

Mountney. Content my Lord, inuent the forme.

Valingford. Then thus.

William. I see that women are not generall euils.
Blanch is faire: Methinkes I see in her,
A modest countenance, a heauenly blush.
Zweno, receiue a reconciled foe,
Not as thy friend, but as thy sonne in law,
If so that thou be thus content.

Zweno. I ioy to see your grace so tractable.
Here take my daughter *Blanch*,

And after my decease the Denmark crowne.
William. Now sir, how stands the case with you?
Mannile. I partly am perswaded as your grace is,
My lord, he is best at ease that medleth least.
Valingford. Sir may a man be so bolde,
As to craue a word with you?
Mannile. Yea, two or three: what are they?
Valingford. I say, this maide will haue thee to her husband.
Mountney. And I say this: and therof will I lay an hundred pound.
Valingf. And I say this: whereon I will lay as much.
Mannile. And I say neither: what say you to that?
Mountney. If that be true: then are we both deceiued.
Mannile. Why it is true, and you are both deceiued.
Marques. In mine eyes, this is the propreſt wench.
Might I aduise thee, take her vnto thy wife.
Zweno. It seemes to me, shee hath refused him.
Marques. Why theres the spite.
Zweno. If one refuse him, yet may he haue the other.
Marques. He will aske but her good will, and all her friends.
Zweno. Might I aduise thee, let them both alone.
Mannile. Yea, thats the course, and thereon wil I stand.
Such idle loue hencefoorth I will detest.
Valingford. The Foxe will eat no grapes, and why?
Mountney. I know full well, because they hang too hye.
William. And may it be a Millers daughter by her birth?
I cannot thinke but shee is better borne.
Valingford. Sir *Thomas Goddard* hight this renerent man,
Famed for his vertues and his good successe:
Whose fame hath beene renowmed through the world.
William. Sir *Thomas Goddard* welcome to thy Prince,
And faire *Em*, frolike with thy good father.
As glad am I to finde Sir *Thomas Goddard*
As good Sir *Edmund Treford* on the plaines:
He like a sheepheard, and thou our countrie Miller.
Miller. And longer let not *Goddard* liue a day,
Then he in honour loues his soueraigne.

William. But say; Sir *Thomas*, shall I giue thy daughter?

Miller. *Goddard* and all that he hath,
Doth rest at the pleasure of your Maiestie.

William. And what sayes *Em* to louely *Valingford*?
It seemde he loued you well,
That for your sake durst leaue his King.

Em. *Em* restes at the pleasure of your highnes:
And would I were a wife for his desert.

William. Then here Lord *Valingford*,
Receiue faire *Em*.
Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.
Then goe we in, that preparation may be made,
To see these nuptials solemly performed.

Exeunt all. Sound drummes and Trumpets.

FINIS.